Threaded Hearts

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by abbymyg

Summary

Hannibal and Will are into knife and blood play. Hannibal accidentally cuts Will a bit too deeply one day.

For the bingo prompt: sutures.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The weeks after the fight with Dolarhyde are a bit blurry for both of them. Will vaguely remembers a boat, remembers Chiyoh, remembers being injected with some kind of painkiller every single day, remembers spending most of his time in bed with an equally drugged Hannibal. But once they arrive at their destination and Chiyoh deems them healthy enough to take care of each other, she leaves them alone.

So, for the following weeks, they take care of each other's wounds as they finish recovering. Not being drugged all the time brings them copious amounts of pain, but also resuscitates their libido. So tending to wounds turn to caresses, late-night conversations turn to kisses and soon, even before what a doctor would recommend as wise, the physical aspect of their relationship evolves into sex.

With how fast their relationship develops, it doesn't take Hannibal long to realize that Will has a thing for knives. And, when he accidentally cuts him once and Will comes the hardest he's ever had, Hannibal learns that he has a blood kink as well.

He knows how and where to cut, where to apply pressure, and which areas to avoid to not cause Will any unnecessary pain. Hannibal has always thought that Will Graham looks the most beautiful when he is in pain but, with time, he's learned that he looks even better in pleasure.

He is a doctor, a surgeon. He knows exactly what to do if something ever goes wrong. Yet nothing prepares him for the emotional distress he feels when it happens.

The day was sunny, and they had spent most of it at the beach, right in their backyard. This is why when a loud, unexpected thunder echoes in the house, the two of them jump. The slight but jerky movement makes the sharp knife Hannibal is holding press harder against Will's thigh, while Will moves closer at the same time. The already broken skin breaks more, too deep for Hannibal's taste.

Will moans and Hannibal immediately drops the knife to the floor.

"Will," he calls, repressing the curse that sits at the back of his tongue.

"I'm fine," Will reassures him, although he doesn't sound too sure. "I've had worse."

Hannibal throws him a disapproving look before getting up to turn on the nearby lamp so he can see the cut better. It's bleeding more than it should be, which means that he cut more than he intended. He frowns.

"That bad, doctor?" Will asks playfully, not bothered by the pain.

Hannibal grabs one of his hands and brings it to rest on top of the wound. "Keep applying pressure, I'll be back shortly."

Will sighs and obeys, finding some humor in how worried Hannibal is, considering he is the direct cause of so many of the scars that adorn Will's body.

He looks up and realizes that Dante is looking at him from outside the house. It's not raining yet, but it'll be soon, so he gets up to open the sliding door to let the dog in. The animal's nose twitches as he smells him, obviously noticing Will's wound. He bumps his snout against Will's hand that's covering it.

"It's nothing, buddy," he reassures him, scratching behind his ear. "Dad was just a bit clumsy."

"Don't let—" Hannibal's sudden voice from behind him makes Will jump again, and he reflexively takes his hand off his wound. Dante licks it. "—him lick you. Great." Hannibal sighs.

Will laughs. Hannibal has never cussed him out, ever, but he looks pretty close to doing it now.

"It's not my fault, you scared me," he says, amused. "And Dante was just trying to help. Weren't you, buddy?" He affectionately scratches his head. The dog tilts his head, pursuing the touch.

"Giving you an infection, that's what he is doing," Hannibal says.

Will rolls his eyes and sits back on the couch. Hannibal approaches him and tuts at the dog to move away so he can examine Will's wound, which hasn't stopped bleeding.

"I think you might need stitches," Hannibal says, then checks the time on his wristwatch while cleaning the wound. "If it doesn't stop bleeding in six minutes," he adds.

"Luckily I know a good doctor," Will jokes, wincing a little as Hannibal applies antiseptic. He brushes Hannibal's chin with his foot.

Hannibal kisses his instep but otherwise doesn't answer to the flirty remark, focusing only on tending the wound.

Will analyzes his expression. He can't see his eyes from this position, but he sees his furrowed eyebrows, and how he is biting his lips. Is not a face he makes often, and Will knows him too well.

"Hannibal," he calls him, using his foot to force his chin up. "It actually scared you, didn't it?"

Hannibal meets his eyes and he confirms it.

"It did," Will says, "and you're embarrassed because of it. Because it's the first time you've hurt me accidentally?" he asks.

Hannibal doesn't blush but he does avoid eye contact, returning his attention to the wound.

"You are," Will can't help but laugh, considering the many times Hannibal has hurt him in the past.

Still, his heart feels warm at his reaction. It speaks volumes to how far they've come. The same man that gutted him and left him to bleed in his kitchen is now fussing over a cut that will need just a few stitches. It's so contradictory and dumb. God, he loves this man.

He reaches to grab his cheek in his hand and kisses him softly. He senses Hannibal's apology coming.

"Don't," he stops him. "Besides, if I weren't ready for bleeding and bruising, I wouldn't have married you. Also," he says, throwing his arms around his neck, "don't pretend you don't love to see me covered in blood." He playfully bites Hannibal's lower lip. "You would love to open me up with your scalpel and bleed me if you thought I'd survive."

Hannibal exhales deeply. "Will," he warns.

"I'd let you," he whispers.

Hannibal sighs and buries his face in Will's neck, nipping at his skin to calm himself down. "Don't tempt me."

Will grins, chuckling. "You love me."

"I do," Hannibal replies instantly then pecks him on the lips. "Which is why we need to move to the bathroom to get you stitched up," he says, moving away to get up.

Will pouts at the loss of contact. Hannibal extends his hand to him.

"Come on," he says.

"You're no fun," Will complains but accepts the hand and gets up from the couch.

He has all the intentions to resume their conversation later.

End Notes

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